

NEW YORK JOURNAL
W. R. HEARST.

122 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1897.

ANARCHY
RAMPANT
AGAIN.

Those thoughtful and patriotic spirits who in the late Presidential contest led in the grand battle for the preservation of the national honor and things as they are appear for the moment to have forgotten the great truth that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. One might well think that their gravest apprehensions for the stability of republican institutions as we have them would be excited by the Anarchistic assaults which are being made on Governor Black because he has determined to appoint Mr. Louis F. Payn to the office of Superintendent of Insurance in this State.

The objection offered to Mr. Payn's appointment is that he happens to be a professional lobbyist—that for many years he has maintained himself, if not accumulated a fortune, by getting bills passed or defeated by the Legislature, as his clients desired. Mr. Payn's clients, of course, are corporations and wealthy individuals who consider a government of equal rights under equal laws inferior to government by bribery. Persons who so believe are necessarily rich, and are therefore among our best citizens. They can generally be depended on to give their moral support to all reform movements in politics, and to come to the rescue of the national honor whenever it is imperiled. Their social position is, it need not be said, good, and if asked they would answer without hesitation that they have a right to speak for the business interests of the community. In their own opinion, and in that of multitudes of others, they stand for Property, sacred Property. They deplore corruption in politics, corruption in the Legislature, corruption everywhere. But if in order to procure new privileges or state off attacks on old ones they are obliged to use money, they deem the drawing of the checks a necessary measure of self-defense or aggrandizement. The checks are then given to professional lobbyists to use as they see special experience suggests. If Mr. Louis F. Payn is a professional lobbyist, he is but the agent of these opulent and respected citizens, who know what is good for the masses in the way of legislation far better than the masses themselves do. This being so, Mr. Payn, instead of deserving scorn as a person engaged in a shameful occupation, is entitled to esteem as the executive representative of the governing wealth of New York.

To attack Governor Black for proposing to appoint Mr. Payn to a place of official responsibility and honor, consequently, is to attack the form of government under which we live. That, plainly, is Anarchy, and we wonder how the Evening Post can do it.

LAWYER CARTER
ON THE
ROBERTS PLAN.

There is probably no lawyer in the United States who stands higher as a philosophical thinker on the great questions connected with his profession than Mr. James C. Carter. Out of any group of half a dozen members of the New York bar whom one might casually meet probably five would so rate him without question. Mr. Carter defended with most convincing ability the income tax law which was killed by the Supreme Court. Now we find this same masterly thinker supporting Comptroller Roberts's scheme for a graded inheritance tax.

A great principle lies behind both these methods of taxation. The primitive rights and responsibilities of the rich and the poor are the same under the theoretical social contract. But the infinite complications and artifices which have grown into the social contract, by virtue of which government exists, have petrified new elements there. Law is largely made for the protection of property. Under its provisions alone can great estates be established. Without its military force, its police and its courts; without the very excrecences which have been imbedded and solidified in its substance operating to build up great fortunes, wealth, corporate and individual, would have no adequate insurance. Practically the rich man is additionally protected by the law to the extent that his wealth rises above the average.

A morning contemporary criticizes Mr. Carter's argument that taxes should be imposed according to the ability of the citizen to pay them, ignoring the palpable fact that a small tax falls more harshly on the poor man than does a much heavier proportionate one on his wealthy neighbor. Certainly the whole spirit of Christian legislation as expounded by the Divine Teacher enforces the theory that burdens should be imposed according to the strength to bear them. Any other doctrine is medieval and retrogressive.

Yet the same critic of Mr. Carter's argument proceeds to announce as the true theory of taxation that it should be imposed according to the benefits which are conferred on the citizen in return. If our contention is true that wealth does receive greater proportionate benefit from the laws under which society is now constituted than does poverty, this hypothesis topples over the very conclusion which it aims to buttress.

If any one fact glares with portentous light full of menace, it is that law favors the rich man as against the poor, indirectly even more surely than by direct agencies. In practice law is enacted for the most part by the rich for the rich, and incidentally for the poor. That those powers enlisted in the cause of millionarism should oppose a graded inheritance tax, which carries out the principle of the graded income tax, while free from its practical objections, is inevitable. In the meantime the truth will grow like a lusty plant in the sunlight, and such gardeners as Mr. Carter will effectively stimulate that growth.

THE
JUDICIAL
SENATE.

The special friends of the Salisbury-Olney arbitration treaty, clerical and lay, are on fire with a desire for the inauguration of the millennium, when war shall be no more, and as a proof of how lamblike their spirit is, they roar at the Senate for its delay very much as if they wore manes instead of fleeces. According to these puerile Quakers, Senators who decline to act without reflection are animated by motives that "are by no means above suspicion." Such as think amendments may be necessary are either engaged in "tinkering" which gives "harmless titillations to the vanity of men who like to think themselves great statesmen," or at whom the people will "smile indulgently," or they are scoundrels plotting against the welfare of the English-speaking race.

It is hardly necessary to say that criticism of this kind, at once ignorant, intolerant and insulting, will not improve the treaty's chances. A measure whose advocates are of such a temper is not apt a priori to commend itself to the judgment of men of caution and balance in or out of the Senate.

The attempt to bully the Senate into signing the Doxology standing and to adopt the Salisbury-Olney treaty by a unanimous viva voce vote has failed. In refusing to be precipitate and in taking all the time it thinks proper to consider the merits of a proposed compact of a novel and vastly important character, profoundly affecting national interests, the Senate is but doing its duty. It was in order that just such deliberation should be secured and national action in public affairs be guarded against that the framers of the Constitution created the Senate.

There are the best of reasons why the United States should be in no hurry to accept the proposal to play Pythias to Great Britain's Damon. Since when has England become averse to war when war has seemed to her interest? The advantages to her of the Salisbury-Olney treaty are apparent enough, but what the advantages would be to us is not so clear. We have no schemes of aggression, no schemes of plunder beyond our borders that we need fear the just resentment of England on their discovery.

Suppose that as a condition precedent to our agreeing to enter into this treaty with England we request her to dismantle Esquimaux, the Gibraltar which she has erected on the Straits of Fuca, and which commands all that the United States possesses on Puget Sound. What roaring lover of peace and reviler of the judicious Senate is of the opinion that Great Britain would give this simple guaranty of good faith?

When we see England going about the earth offering treaties of arbitration to nations weaker than herself, and to a few of the African tribes whose territory it would advantage her to possess, we shall believe that she has turned Christian and become convinced of the sinfulness of war.

To desire that peace should supplant violence in the world is one thing; to regard the ratification of the Salisbury-Olney treaty as an assurance of the great change is another. The Senate is standing for common sense.

"A LIE
WELL STUCK
TO."

The Republican party, as represented by Senator Platt and his organs, appears to be convinced of the correctness of the old proverb, "A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth." Ignoring the well-known fact that, as Senator Cannon says, the ballots counted for McKinley were ostensibly or really for the promotion of an international agreement to secure bimetalism, which the Major's platform pledged him to secure if possible, the Senator-elect in his maiden speech laid down these propositions:

1. The financial question can be indefinitely postponed.
2. The Wilson law "shut down the mills and reduced the opportunities of labor and the earnings of investment."
3. The deficit was caused by the Wilson law, and the way to wipe it out and to increase the revenues is to pass a higher tariff law.
4. The tariff law must be "based in every schedule" upon the principle of protecting the American manufacturer against foreign competition.
5. The people are clamoring for the new protective and revenue-raising tariff.

Every one of these propositions is false, as all intelligent men are aware. All persons who know anything about the situation of affairs know that (1) the financial question must be settled immediately, and that every month's delay in settling it will make settlement more difficult and costly; that (2) what "shut down the mills," etc., was the appreciating standard of values which has almost destroyed the home market; that (3) the revenues produced by the Wilson bill have been larger than the revenues under the McKinley bill, the difference in favor of 1896 as compared with 1894 being \$35,672,910; that the deficit was caused by the McKinley bill, which was avowedly constructed in order to destroy the surplus, and that, as a general rule, it is true that the higher the duty the smaller the revenue obtained from it; that (4) if the new law, consequently, is to be based upon the principle of protection it will not yield revenue, and if designed to raise revenue it cannot be based on the protection principle, and that (5) the business interests of the country, omitting a few manufacturers and the unlawful combinations in restraint of trade, would do almost anything to avert the continuance of uncertainty which the threat of tariff tinkering has produced.

Doubtless Platt knows these things, too, for Platt is no fool. But the Canton clique is determined to pay no attention to them, and to go ahead discharging its debt to the trusts and manufacturers, and Platt thinks it wise just now to "stand in" with that clique as far as he can in order to get the Federal patronage in this State. So he has adopted the clique's tactics and is yelling at the top of his voice for more revenue and protection, in the hope that the noise will dazzle the people and prevent them from recollecting the facts and seeing how preposterous and dishonest the programme is.

A
WALL STREET
ERROR.

One of the counts in the Wall Street protest against the appointment of Lyman J. Gage to be Secretary of the Treasury may be set aside as irrelevant. It is urged, so credible report has it, that if the Chicago man be given the place and a new issue of bonds shall be ordered, a Chicago rather than a Wall Street syndicate will reap the profit. This is perhaps not a very patriotic reason to urge against the appointment of a Secretary of the Treasury, but we don't look to Wall Street for patriotism.

However, the thrifty people who like to deal in bonds need not disquiet themselves lest opportunities for syndicate operations may be denied them henceforth. The complete success of the popular bond sale will bar forever any President who is not absolutely tied hand and foot to the money power from ever putting the United States Treasury again at the mercy of a syndicate—whether it be formed in New York or Chicago.

SHALL
THE SENATE
RULE?

A telegram from Washington announces that the refusal of the United States Senate to appropriate \$2,500 for defraying the expenses of the West Point cadets will not prevent those budding warriors from attending the inauguration. A number of wealthy residents of the capital, it is reported, have subscribed the necessary funds themselves.

Notwithstanding that it would be distinctly improper for the cadets to make the excursion.

The refusal of the Senate to make the appropriation was not based on considerations of economy. The debate showed most of the opponents of the junket to believe that it would be distinctly prejudicial to the discipline of the corps to permit such an interruption of the usual routine. Senator Chandler, whose thorough knowledge of the affairs of both the military and naval academy is admitted, was especially emphatic in his argument on this point.

However, the corps of cadets is part of the army, and therefore under the sole control of the President. It may be doubted whether regard for military discipline will lead Mr. Cleveland to sacrifice this opportunity to oppose a Senate which regards him with scant respect.

"If Pennsylvania is barred out of the Cabinet because of 'factional differences,'" observes the Buffalo Express, "what of New York?" The recent test of strength in the General Assembly would indicate that there are not a sufficient number of anti-Platt men to entitle them to be called a faction. How can there be differences when there is nobody to differ with? Just at the present time Mr. Platt appears to be as much of the whole thing in New York as Mr. Hanna is in the balance of the country.

Mr. Cleveland's punishment of those Federal office-holders who saw fit to support the Democratic ticket last year is severe and unjust. Those who invited his displeasure will find it quite as hard to distinguish in the future.

A Moment with
the Chappies.

In refusing to consolidate with the Calumet Club the Racquet Club has followed the course predicted in this column weeks ago. My only surprise is that the friends of consolidation should have polled so large a vote.

The Racquet Club men are as different from the Calumeters as Hermann Oelrichs is from Beverly Tilden, and the most elastic imagination could not be stretched so as to cover any possible union of tastes between those two gentlemen.

What will become of the Calumet if it is difficult to say. Some of its more sanguine members cherish the hope that it will yet pull through in some unforeseen way and retain possession of its clubhouse, which is desirable or account of its location.

The most likely means of attaining this end, if it is ever attained, is through a conjunction with the City, or "Goo-Goose" Club, which, politically, is not dissimilar to what the Calumet is socially. I fancy that there is a temperamental, sentimental and practical basis of consolidation here.

If nothing should come of the Calumet Club, however, it never would be missed.

And that reminds me that Mr. Thomas Cushing has decided to go to the Bradley Martin ball as Charles IX. This will permit him to wear a costume of white satin, silver and pearls, which ought to be immensely becoming to his general style, which is decidedly a la Française, although it may not harmonize altogether with his mustache, which is remarkably in de siecle both in cut and color.

Other chappies that trotted with Tom Cushing when he was in the maiden class have grown gray and grizzled, but Tom has never turned a hair.

How he manages to do it is one of those perpetual questions that are always agitating the holy horsehoes at the opera and that are never answered.

The contrast between the ebony hue of Tom Cushing's mustache and the white satin, silver and pearls of his costume will be one of the most striking things at the Bradley Martin ball.

And while we are on this subject I should like to express my admiration of the mastery manner in which "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas," "Indignant Citizen," "Constant Reader" and other old and faithful conservators of public morals have done up the Bradley Martins for hyphenating their name.

The only trouble with their reckless, lavish and ostentatious display of ink is that the Bradley-Martins do not use the hyphen in their name.

Bradley is Mr. Martin's Christian name, and it has never done service for him or any of his family as a part of his surname.

Still, if the Bradley Martins had used the hyphen they would have richly merited the exhortations of "Pro Bono Publico" to id omne genus for committing so grievous a sin.

The Southern Society, which has given several notable banquets in this city, will welcome its friends to its eleventh annual dinner, at the Hotel Savoy, on February 22. Mr. Marion J. Verdery is the chairman of the Dinner Committee, and there is no doubt the coming entertainment will be quite as successful as its predecessors.

Another banquet of considerable interest to men who know the town is that of the Quaint Club, which will be held at the Waldorf on February 18.

The Dinner Committee of the Quaint announce that their feast will be "a very quaint affair," but the bensine of the pun must not be taken as an evidence of the quality of the dinner, which will be first rate, as I happen to know.

Miss Helen Gould, one of the most level-headed women in New York, believes in the encouragement of the study of history quite as much as Mrs. Bradley Martin does.

Her method, however, is different. In offering prizes to school children for the best essay on George Washington she is not expending as much money as if she were to give a grand fancy dress ball in the interest of education, but she will probably accomplish quite as much.

Here are four rumors that would be important if they were true:

Mr. Perry Belmont has refused his invitation to the Bradley Martin ball because he agrees with Dr. Rainford.

Mr. "Worthie" Whitehouse will sever business relations with Golding, his partner in real estate dealing, on May 1, because "Worthie" would not give up a social engagement to discuss a business transaction.

Mrs. Bradley Martin hasn't selected her costume yet because she hasn't had time to decide what she will wear.

The Princess Chalmers still loves her Rigo because—well, just because.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE WINDS OF MARCH.

"Weyler and Cleveland go out together in March."—Morning Paper.

The winds of March will shortly blow, a howling hurricane. To raise a din and roll the dust in eddies all the day:

'Twill be a tender lullaby for Uncle Sam and Spain.

To see his Royal Fatness and the Butcher blown away.

The winds of March will shortly blow in chorus loud and long

(But not so loud and long—Oh, no!—as Weyler's ranting brag)—

"Oh, why did Cleveland smile upon the insult and the wrong.

When Weyler's minions danced upon and spat upon his flag?"

The winds of March will shortly blow a tempest o'er the land.

And then the White House patriot will fly as flies the leaf:

'Twill fill the sails of Weyler's ship to bear him with his brand

Unwarded and unlaureled home, a military thief.

The winds of March will shortly blow, and blow away, thank God!

From public notice like a kite the Incubus Supreme,

Who'll merge into the solitude that overhangs Cape Cod,

And hear his outraged Eagle maledictions at him scream.

The winds of March will shortly blow, and trumpet forth my name.

"Munkitrick, oh, Munkitrick, take our well-meant, kind advice:

Don't sing the song of Cleveland's fall and advertise your shame.

You are the fat orang outang that voted for him twice."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Hard Lines, [Detroit News.]

If the President is Congress and Senator Chandler is the Supreme Court, the country is certainly in hard lines.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music.....Straight from the Heart	Irving Place Theatre.....Das Kinnal Eins
American Theatre.....Captain Impudence	Kellie's.....Continuous Performances
Brooklyn Theatre.....Shamus O'Brien	Kickerbocker Theatre.....Gaithe
Broadway Music Hall.....The Geiser	Madison Square Garden.....Gas Exposition
Brooklyn Theatre.....The Woman in Black	Metropolitan Opera House.....Grand Opera
Casino.....An American Beauty	Murray Hill.....The War of Wealth
Daly's.....The Geisha	Olympic-Music Hall, Vanderbilt, 815 P. M.
Empire.....Under the Red Foil	Walter Garden, Bal Champs, 11 P. M.
Eden Musee.....World in War	People's Theatre.....The Sporting Duchess
Fifth Avenue.....A Social Highwayman	Pastor's Theatre.....Vauville
Gramercy Lyceum.....International Baby Show	Pleasure Palace-Music Hall, 1330 P. M.
Grand Opera House.....Al G. Field Minstrel	P. M.
Garden Theatre.....Secret Service	Proctor's 23d St.-Continuous, Noon to 11
Hoy's Theatre.....A Contended Woman	Star Theatre.....A Boy Wanted
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	Thiel Avenue.....English Polly Company
Hudson Opera House.....Two Little Vagabonds	Wallack's.....Cynthia
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vauville	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Innocence

THE WEATHER.—Generally fair, westerly winds, becoming variable, slightly colder in Northern New York and New England.

By Whom the Offence Cometh.

By Edward W. Townsend.

THE life which goes to make the seamy side of the Tenderloin was, in those days, scattered through the district south of Washington square. Cora was of that life and in her earliest days there, when she was young and beautiful—

and beautiful—for she was beautiful, even up to the time of the great tragedy in her life—she was the district's most conspicuous figure. Her wild, unassuming career furnished gossip for the streets and cafes, as much as the scandal of her downfall, only a few years before, furnished gossip for the boulevard and clubs.

She had not been there long before she was in the power of the blackmailers, who, appointed guardians of law and order, instigated disorder and lawlessness that they might the more profit.

That part of Cora's story was told to the world when the State Senate sent here some of its members, who uncovered such a hideous system of pitiless blackmail and oppression that they withdrew in dismay, their task half done; but that half served to work a political revolution.

Cora had been made to pay more than the price of "protection" in her calling; had been made to pay the police a large price for not giving up her child to "the society."

That child, the pretty eight-year-old boy, Cora would not part with even to those who came to her from the other life, from which she had fallen, and offered for the family's sake to take little Frank and give him a home where he would never see her again and learn to forget her. She drove those people from her with fury and passion. The child was hers! It was the only creature on earth she loved—she loved her! Part with him? No! With her life first!

But the police knew another way. "Give us money," they said, "or we'll have the child taken from you by the law—the law we represent."

She raved in awful passion, but she was helpless; so she gave them her earnings and kept her child. But they wanted more. She could earn more. "Go and earn more; we want more."

Then the time came when she could not give all that was demanded and they arrested her and took the boy with them to the police station.

They would make a conspicuous example of her. The women of the district must be taught that these threats were not idle; that unless they paid they would be treated like Cora.

She fought like a tigress in the police station, and when they took the boy away, and she heard him cry after her and call on her not to let them give him to "the society," he had learned to dread, she went mad.

"Give him to me," she shrieked. "He is honest born. Here is the ring. See! Here's the ring on my finger. It's all you have."

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Gaught in the
Metropolitan Whirl.

"This snow storm has convinced me that there is one truly grateful meandant in the vast army of homeless men who seek shelter in police stations," said Sergeant Baker, of the Lee Avenue Station, Williamsburg; "and he deserves better luck."

"Late Wednesday night a young man, giving the name of Ryan, called at the station. He said he hated to beg for shelter, but he couldn't endure the cold any longer, so we fixed him up a bed. Ryan didn't say much then, and he was sent away in the morning with others who had sought shelter from the cold."

"Within a few minutes after leaving the station the young man came back and asked for a shovel. He said he wanted to show his appreciation, even though the bed consisted of a shake-down on the prison floor, by clearing the snow off the station sidewalk. This proposition nearly stunned me. It was so unusual, but I gave Ryan a shovel. He worked faithfully for two hours, and then, feeling convinced that the man was worthy, I handed him 50 cents. He thanked me and left."

"The men in the station were still discussing the remarkable conduct of Mr. Ryan when back he came again. He had bought himself a breakfast and with the price of another meal and a night's lodging in his pocket Ryan informed us that he felt like a man. He looked the part and we believed him, too, when he promised to shovel some more snow, just to express his gratitude. There was nothing effusive or staid in the declaration. The police had been good to him, Ryan said, and the only way he had of squaring the debt was to shovel all the snow in sight. So out he went again with the shovel."

"There is little sentiment felt in a police station, where hundreds of vagrants are housed weekly," said the sergeant, with the air of one who knew. "The officers naturally become hardened, but the sight of Ryan still shovelling snow in honest, humble payment for past favors, and expecting nothing more, sort of worked on the sympathies of the squad. Officer Mundy dug up a pair of gloves that were not working, and Officer Ryan found that he could spare a pair of rubber boots for the grateful young man with the shovel. Others chipped in small change and made up a purse of a few dollars for the man whose misery had not dulled his sense of gratitude. Men like Ryan are scarce," sighed the sergeant.

A New York woman who spends all of her Summers abroad remarked the other day that there was one detail in which our city is very far behind London and the great Continental capitals. "It is a small thing," she said, "but it is so small that it could be easily remedied, and I always notice the difference when I go abroad. Do you know that there are scarcely a dozen houses in New York in which the duty of answering the door bell is properly attended to? In London there are two bells to every house—one marked 'Servants' and the other 'Guests.' The former is used by tradesmen, messengers and the minor members of the family, while the other is for the master and mistress of the household and their friends. The former may be answered by anybody, but the latter compels the immediate presence in the hall of two men, one of whom opens the door while the other stands ready to receive the card, and possibly to watch the overcoats. In the great houses there are servants ready to open the door the very instant the bell is rung; but in New York I am never surprised if I am kept waiting three or four minutes, simply because of the absence of proper domestic discipline. There is one woman, famous for the splendor of her entertainments, who has boasted to me that when she enters her own house she counts the noses of the servants who flock into the hall, and if there are not five men there in waiting she insists upon knowing the reason why. I have been kept waiting at that very house, probably to enable the fifth man to brush his hair and struggle into his coat. Two men could do the trick in better form, and far more rapidly, than the five do it; but their mistress ranks style above comfort."

George H. Jessup, the author of "Shamus O'Brien," was for many years a well-known figure in New York life. He came here from San Francisco nearly twenty years ago and supported himself by writing for the newspapers and weekly periodicals, devoting his spare time to dramatic work. He was a contributor to Puck in its early days, and also to Fiction, a weekly story paper started by Keppler & Schwarzmann, and written by H. C. Bunner, W. J. Henderson, Townsend Percy, R. K. Munkitrick, A. E. Watrous and others of the budding writers of that era. Later he was editor of Judge, and it was about this time that he came into public notice as a dramatist. His verbiage "Sam'l of Posen," "Mykes Anon," "A Gold Mine," and many another play that has served its purpose with the public. A few years ago an English family lawyer, of the kind so frequently seen in Stogeland, wrote a letter of the kind that seldom reach any young men except those who figure in the drama. This letter informed Mr. Jessup that a relative had died and left him a fine property in the neighborhood of Dublin, and an income sufficient to maintain it in suitable style. The dramatist read the letter and then pinched himself, and as he did not "wake up" he knew that it was true, and very soon afterward he installed himself in the beautiful old family mansion which is still his home. He is now a county magistrate, and pensants of the kind that abound in his plays touch their hats to him when he rides by. To this day he sometimes wonders whether it is all real or whether he is one of the characters in a play of his own.

THE YELLOW KID IN LONDON.

LONDON, January 27.—Disasastly life is gettin' too hot fer me. I'm too much uv a soabul favorit, o dere o dere, w'y won't dem luvly dutchesans an' kountesses leave me alone, w'y am I so fassinatin'?

Lus' nite I went to a bawl at de Dook uv Marlborough's dat an' dey made me leed d' cotillon. Did I leed? wel I goss. 'D' Queen wuz me partner an' d' way me an' d' ole lady went t'rough de spid made dem klap der hands wid joy, an't he d' peech, sed d' Dutchesan uv Edinbrow. Yes he's a bold sed d' Dutchesan uv Fife wot's related to Vick. He's gaw'n t' d' dants d' next dants wid me. Not on yer tintle sed d' Dutchesan uv Edinbrow, he's down on my bill uv fare.

golls, golls I sed, don't skrap. I'll give ye both de dants befor I leere. An' wot's more I kept me wold. De Dutchesan uv Edinbrow can't dants fer sour apples. Liz c'd giv her cards an' spalds an' big an' little kashno an' beet 'er.

Mickey sed d' Queen giv me yure arm t' d' boofay 'cause me t'roat is gettin' dry. shure milke, I sed. So we went down an' paired likker into our faces. Queen I sed, how are dey runnin' on? On d' palls.

Stayin' at d' palls? not on yer natcheral. He tole me las' nite he wuz gaw'n to a little game, Mickey sed Salsbury button in his coat, I wonder where dat game is. ye should 'v' een d' little Dutchesan uv Marlborough, I tell ye wot she's a dazy. Conny I sed dis gay life agreee wid ye. Ye're gettin' fat, o Mickey she sed, blushin', stop yer datterin'.

Where's the fat? I don't no, I sed. But Conny seen by me face dat I wuz lyin' in no no Mickey, she sed, somethin' has come between you an' Liz. yes I sed, it's Hoolthan an' I'll break his face.

Wile we wuz talkin', who cume walkin' in but d' Prints. hello Al I sed, Salsbury jest started out t' look fer ye. Al giv me d' wink. Yes, he whispered, I seen 'im comin' an' I sneaked behind a truck til he got past.